

THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
G L O R Y:

A N
I R R E G U L A R O D E,

ADDRESSED TO

H I S M A J E S T Y,

O N T H E

Happy Suppression of the **REBELLION**, by HIS ARMS

Under the Command of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE D U K E.

*Quis mortem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit?*

HOR.

L O N D O N :

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[Price One Shilling.]

THE
P R O G R E S S

OF
G L O R Y

IRREGULAR

ADDRESSED TO

H I S M A J E S T Y

OF THE

Happy Supplication of the RECTOR, &c. of the Church of St. Martin

Under the Command of

His Royal Highness the Duke of York

Digne Seigneur
Son Altesse Royale

Hon.

L O N D O N

Printed by J. Smith, in Strand

at the Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand, near the Temple

[Price One Shilling]

(THE

P R O G R E S S

O F

G L O R Y, &c.

AWAY with ev'ry trifling theme,
The painted mead, and purling stream;
Unmark'd let anguish'd lovers rove,
And hush'd be ev'ry vocal grove.
And thou, whose shaft thro' all my veins
Has often shot its thrilling pains,
Thy pow'r is lost, 'tis gone, 'tis o'er,
Nor Delia's eyes distract me more;
At length I feel a nobler flame,
My soul aspires,
My genius fires,
And longs to mingle in immortal fame.

II.

Divine Calliope, descend,
Intrance my soul, my fancy wing;
Impetuous thought I here unrein,
At Pindus' lofty head I strain,

B

Refresh

(2)

Refresh me from thy sacred spring,
The pleasing task befriend.

It comes! I glow with rage divine!
Hyblæan draughts my taste refine!

Aonian shades my transports raise!
My spirit pours the ready lays!

I rage! I rush, enchanted, where
Ambrosial odours scent the air!

Behold the sacred, tuneful throng,
Who touch the soul that bursts to song!
Propitious, all, my flame inspire,
The subject asks celestial fire.

III.

What cries are those that wound my ear,
Of voices strain'd from trembling fear?

O medley scene of mingled woes!

The fam'd for valour fly their foes.

Confus'd, behold Britannia start!

The fabre half has reach'd her heart:

Distracting sight! O dire surprize!

The goddess sickens!—freedom dies.

Transfix'd with grief, the helpless hind beholds

His blazing cottage, and his plunder'd folds;

The jav'ins wet on which his infants bled,

His ravish'd wife hang low her shame-press'd head;

While

While sobbing sorrow stifling, stops his breath,
And words half-form'd convey his wish for death,

IV.

Amaze imparts

Distracting pains

To panting hearts.

Ten thousand evils threaten round,

Ten thousand shrieks of horror sound!

Officious echo doubling all their cries,

While hope, frail, flatt'ring phantom, flies,

And fear, enthron'd, remains.

The lover starts from half-surrend'ring charms,

Wak'd from his dream of joy by rude alarms;

Springs from the fair, and cries, — To arms, to arms.

The peasants round the dreadful call obey,

Rouse from domestic bliss, and rush away;

Religion, GEORGE, and freedom, are the words;

Then change their crooks and scythes for slaught'ring swords.

V.

The wrinkled parent calls his blooming race;

Pictures impending ills, — then bids 'em go,

The glorious side of liberty embrace,

And 'gainst oppression drive the pond'rous blow.

“ My sons, he cries, preserve your country's pride;

“ Our great forefathers well avow'd the cause,

“ Thro'

“ Thro’ ev’ry age in manly daring vy’d
“ Who best should vindicate Britannia’s laws!

“ Go forth, and all your force apply,

“ Like Britons fight; succeed, or die.”

The youths at once assert the flame,

They pant, they glow, for patriot-fame!

Start for the goal; and urge, like winds, their way

To northern fields, impatient for the fray.

VI.

High on his throne, in majesty array’d,

The lord of nations hears the sounding woe,

The throne where injur’d monarchs sue for aid,

The guardian pow’r of royal rights below:

The king of realms from western empires rent,

With force to awe, or shake the continent:

Whose floating worlds, where mortal thunders sleep,

Assert his rights, and rule the boundless deep.

But he who fills each Bourbon-line with fear,

The scourge of tyrants,— is a father here:

He melts at Britain’s woes, and longs to pour

The healing balm that ev’ry grief may cure.

VII.

With sighs fast heaving in his sacred breast,

The hand he seizes of his darling son;

Paternal

Paternal fondness, feelingly exprest,

Pours forth his soul in language,--- thus begun:

“ Pride of my blood, whose early valour gave

“ The glorious promise of mature renown,

“ ’Tis thine my threaten’d people now to save,

“ Secure their rights, and vindicate my crown.

“ Go lead my Britons forth, in dread array,

“ And fix fair freedom with thy father’s sway:

“ Let nations hail the happy pow’r restor’d

“ By GEORGE’S scepter, and by WILLIAM’S sword.”

VIII.

The blooming hero bows with modest grace;

Ten thousand ardors in their turns aspire!

The refluent virtues give each other place,

Each, in succession, fans the gen’rous fire.

Now filial duty, now his country’s love,

Now honour, glory, liberty, provoke;

All blending now, a rage resistless prove;

He starts, he glows, he meditates the stroke!

Girds on his sword, with lightning in his eye!

And cries, Away,---to conquer, or to die.

IX.

Away he flies!---soft pleasure’s lap forfakes,

Nor rigor damps his zeal, nor danger shakes:

Tho’ Phoebus, with a faint, a faded ray,

Leads thro’ the wintry signs contracted day.

While from his bow the Centaur's arrows fly,
 And wake raw vapours that obscure the sky:
 Or the froze Goat, asserting chilling pow'rs,
 Shakes from his shiv'ring sides the flaky show'rs:
 Or his inverted urn Aquarius drains:
 Or flagging Pisces floats o'er delug'd plains;
 'Till active Aries, in the boist'rous north,
 Wakes the imprison'd winds and lets 'em forth:
 They rage they rattle thro' the leafless woods,
 Sweep the wide waste, and ruffle peaceful floods;
 Down to the earth the tall, tough elm recline,
 Rend the stout oak, and snap the tow'ring pine!
 To its deep base old Ocean's empire tear,
 And foaming up to heav'n the clashing billows bear.

X.

Serene thro' all the royal warrior goes;
 Winds, rains and frosts, in vain their rage oppose,
 The flooded vales, and mountains white with snows.
 At his approach the trembling rebels run,
 Forfake their spoil, and own their cause undone.

How great their terror, their affright,
 How fast and how confus'd their flight,
 Let Clifton's skirmish well declare:
 A handful drove a legion there!
 Nor aught their sheltring walls avail'd,
 Or ambuscades for their defence;

While

C

Their

Their cunning, like their valour, fail'd;

The sons of freedom drove 'em thence:

Their coward numbers were compell'd to yield;

And, hid in darkness, hurry'd from the field;

Where * Venner lent his country gen'rous aid,

And † Honeywood of blood another tribute paid:

Like rival patriots, both on danger run;

And glorious were the wounds alike they won!

This votive verse the muse is proud to pay;

For worth like theirs will dignify the lay.

England thus rescu'd by her hero's toils,

The Caledonian rapine back recoils:

Its native haunts confin'd oppression scares!

And parent-bowels rude rebellion tears.

XI.

Her great deliv'rer glad Augusta greets;

And chearful Io's ring thro' all her streets:

At his return the songs of triumph sound,

The social joys are wing'd, the Lares crown'd;

The laughing pleasures chace dull cares away,

While festive fires arise,

Illume the dark'ning skies,

Rival bright Sol, and lengthen out the day!

But

* Mr. Venner, a young gentleman-volunteer, who was terribly wounded in that action.

† Lieutenant-colonel Honeywood, a gallant young officer, who having had but three opportunities of fighting for his king and country, viz. at Dittingen, Fontenoy, and Clifton, was very dangerously wounded in all.

But who most glories in the laurels won,
Is the Great FATHER of so great a SON:
He eyes the action in its fullest charms,
And weeps the hero's welcome to his arms.

XII.

But now, to Scotia's fields retir'd,
Repuls'd invasion forms anew,
Our dreaded leader distant far;
Again they wake intestine war,
Their black attempt once more pursue;
By desperation re-inspir'd.
Who fled from WILLIAM's name away,
At fatal Falkirk win the day:

While struck with wild amaze!
The friends of loyalty and freedom stand,
All speechless on each other gaze!
'Till one vast terror trembles thro' the land.
On WILLIAM now they turn their eyes;
Again they see their hero rise;
Our mingled rights still ready to defend,
As GEORGE's champion, and as England's friend.

XIII.

What are the evils can debar
The god-like soul from glorious war?
The guilty dread; the coward fears;
But firm the patriot-soul appears:

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry danger wings his speed;
 Convinc'd that virtue will succeed.
 So WILLIAM flies! but faster fame
 Proclaims the hast'ning warrior's name:
 The dreaded name, with magic-charms,
 Of hope each factious heart disarms:
 The rebel-bands again retire;
 They fear to face his kindled ire:
 Now, trembling, to their cheerless wilds repair,
 The last retreat of languishing despair.

XIV.

Yet, for defence, in vain their pathless woods,
 Their frozen mountains, their impetuous floods:
 Thro' dashing waves, that roll in rapid Spey,
 On, like a God, great WILLIAM leads the way:
 Each shouting soldier soon the ford explores,
 And gains a passage spite of guarded shores:
 While, struck with wonder! clust'ring rebels gaze!
 And fly, confus'd, in terror and amaze:
 Now round their winding, steep ascents they go,
 Climb craggy rocks, and slipp'ry hills of snow:
 Hungry and cold, thro' various dangers past,
 The plains of Culloden they reach at last;
 There eye their foes encamp'd, as rises night;
 Then pitch their tents, and wait the morn for fight.

XV.

Soon as the first faint gleam of dawn appears,
The trumpet's summons ev'ry soldier hears:
He starts obedient, greets the promis'd day,
And eager arms, impatient for the fray.
While their great chief, whose eyes no sleep had clos'd,
Pond'ring the force and stratagems oppos'd,
Unfolds his scheme; with wond'rous vigor glows!
And forms his army; and confronts his foes.
His foes compell'd, now join unwilling strife,
Tho' each but risks a traitor's forfeit life.
Their stake how small! how desp'rate yet their state!
A perfect conquest, or a certain fate!
While their vain leader sees his dreams of pow'r
All hang on the event of one dread hour;
He stops, he pauses,— trembles to begin;
Forewarn'd by fear, an omen from within,
That WILLIAM's arm will end his pageant-sway,
And sweep his visionary crowns away.

XVI.

The dreadful charge the trumpets sound,
The cannon pour their fatal fire,
While falling ranks o'erspread the ground,
And in one groan a thousand souls expire.
The rebel-squadrons here engage,
But sink beneath superior rage;

XV.

D.

There

There wheeling wings advance from far,
 And with redoubled horrors croud the war.
 His soul forth-bursting from his eyes,
 Great WILLIAM like a meteor flies!
 His soldiers kindling as they gaze,
 'Till all the field is in a blaze!
 Now here, now there, does aid impart,
 And warms to vigor ev'ry heart;
 Assaults with a resistless might;
 The nerve at once and soul of fight.
 As plunging on from toil to toil,
 His courser spurns the gorey soil,
 He casts an eager look around,
 Where writhing rebels bite the ground,
 Starts!— to behold the valiant * Kerr o'erthrown,
 And hears,— with anguish struck!— his dying groan!
 Deform'd, in dust, those manly beauties laid
 That won, in life, the wish of ev'ry maid:
 With pausing grief, his flooded eyes give way;—
 But soon the hero wipes the tears away;
 Spurs on his steed, outrageous from his woe,
 And pours redoubled vengeance on the foe.

XVII.

Such weight of war, the factious band
 Unable longer to withstand,

They

* Lord Robert Kerr, a brave young nobleman, and remarkably handsome.

They yield the day.
 Their leader, fill'd with wild affright,
 Is foremost in a coward flight,
 And shrieking, shudd'ring, quits the bloody fray.
 Their terror lends the rebels wings;
 Behind each brave pursuer springs,
 Like chafing lions on their prey they bear;
 Confusion leads the flight, and fear;
 While havock wantons in the rear,
 And death in ev'ry dreadful shape is there.
 As from the gen'rous mastiff's ire
 We see the bullying cur retire,
 Whose yelping snarls awoke the rage
 He trembles at, nor dares engage,
 But turns his barkings into cries,
 And off for dastard-safety flies;
 So ends the idle vaunt, of mock-renown,
 "To fill a coffin, or obtain a crown":
 Pretenders to their genuine worth display;
 So Bourbon's fancy'd triumphs fade away.

XVIII.

BRITANNIA now, reliev'd from fears,
 Her soldiers shouts transported hears:
 And with a laurel, nobly won,
 Sees Vict'ry crown her darling SON!

Commerce and peace her train adorn,
 And plenty, with her ample horn;
 Justice serene, whose voice must doom
 The abject tools of France and Rome;
 Wretches who fought, but fought in vain,
 To bind their country with a foreign chain.

XIX.

Hail glorious, great deliv'rer, hail!
 May ever thus your arms prevail.
 Thy country owes thy gen'rous sword
 Her laws preserv'd, her peace restor'd.
 Now 'gainst our foreign foes repair,
 And win immortal laurels there:
 The beams of glory brightly blend;
 Be Britain's champion, Europe's friend!
 In action great, in council wise,
 To succour here, and there chastize,
 As wrongs or guilt may well inspire,
 With steady zeal, and martial fire!

Be all in virtue's cause,
 That GEORGE now is, or royal WILLIAM was.

XX.

Thine, GRACIOUS MONARCH! is the joy to see
 An offspring so renown'd? so worthy THEE!
 Oh! now permit, since he's to all ally'd,
 We mix the public's with a father's pride.

At Dettingen's successful fight,
 Our hero bled within your fight!
 At Fontenoy, his matchless flame
 Has rais'd him to young *Edward's fame!
 And last, O! proof of princely worth!
 He sav'd the land that gave him birth!
 Now bid your warrior, SIRE, advance,
 With vengeance, 'gainst perfidious France:
 Let all their bolts be backward hurl'd;
 Revenge yourself, revenge the world;
 Unloose your lions, warm with rage;
 They'll act their great forefathers triumphs o'er,
 And dare their treble numbers to engage
 At Cressy, and at Agincourt, once more;
 With native carnage cover all the plains,
 And bring another monarch home in chains!
 Then the rapt muse shall reach sublimer lays,
 And rise immortal with her WILLIAM's praise.

* The Black Prince.